

## The Evening World

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## A PERSONALITY THAT COUNTS.

It is doubtful whether the report from Washington that President Wilson will be the Democratic candidate in 1916 will be regarded by any considerable number of persons as news. On the other hand nearly every one will admit that, whether news or not, it is both important and true so far as human foresight can measure the future. The issue is not one of personal ambition, but of natural politics. The President's policies cannot well be separated from his leadership. In submitting the one to the judgment of the people in the next Presidential election, it will be inevitably necessary to submit the other.

One of the plainest teachings of history is that, whether in war or in politics, the personality of the leader is one of the chief factors in determining the result of strife between opposing forces. The supreme element in the German advance across France is not her superiority in drill or machinery of war, or courage of soldiery, but the magnetic personality of the Kaiser that inspires his whole army, from commanders to drummer boys, with energy and enthusiasm not their own.

Woodrow Wilson is one of the statesmen of the time whose personality counts high. He has achieved more in the way of constructive statesmanship in little more than a year than any other recent President achieved in four. His re-nomination, therefore, is the inevitable conclusion of the logic of the situation.

## OFFICIAL REPORTS.

WHEN the outbreak of war brought to the press reports of unofficial persons, narratives of personal adventures and experiences, opinions formed under stress of emotion and told often at second or third hand, captious critics were loud in condemnation of the printing of such things. "Wait," said they, "until we get official reports, then we shall learn the truth."

Official reports are now coming in from every Government and War Office in Europe, and if any reader has discernment enough to find truth in the conflict among them he is lucky. Rumor itself has been outdone in many of these official statements of defeat and disaster, death and slaughter, ruin and rout among the armies of the other side. As for horrors, exaggerated and distorted, nothing that the most anonymous eyewitness ever told under the hottest sense of outrage has equalled the official statement from Berlin in explaining why it was "necessary to be severe" with Louvain; that "women and even young girls took part in the fighting and gouged out the eyes of the German wounded."

Censoring "official reports" is going to be an amusing job for the future historian.

## SHOOTING THE DYESTUFF.

ACCORDING to representatives of the National Association of Hosiery and Underwear Manufacturers, the people of this country must make up their minds to wear undyed hosiery next summer. This calamity is due to the war. We have been using dyestuff from Germany and have lost the knack of providing ourselves with the good old sort that mother used to make. Therefore we must content ourselves either to save over the socks of to-day for next summer's deporting or to parade the resorts with hose of bleached white.

The warning is interesting mainly as another illustration of the extent to which commerce has been making the peoples of all nations dependent upon one another in spite of tariff restrictions and local prejudices. Where goods can be made best and cheapest, there are they produced. Where they are most sought and highest paid for, there they are consumed. Thus, through a mutual interlocking of interests, humanity is tending toward solidarity by a commercial movement that war may interrupt but can never halt.

We shall learn to make dyes of our own, probably in time for next season's trade, despite the warning; but all the same the very essence of bleached hosiery affords added reasons to the many for objecting to militarism abroad as well as at home.

## NINE EXCUSABLE SPIES.

NINE Sioux engaged during the early summer with a Wild West show in Europe giving exhibitions of American savagery were arrested in Munich and badly mauled by a mob that took them for spies.

It is likely the mob took a right view of the Sioux, though it was improper to maul them. Europe must be very interesting just now to men of a race whose traditions cherish the memory of Sitting Bull, and one can readily understand that those in Munich must have been keen to spy out all that was going on. It must have interested them to see evidences that war is "the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin," bringing savagery and culture into brotherhood; so much so that had the Sioux been in Louvain instead of Munich, they might have been taken by the Germans for brothers instead of spies, and invited to join in the war whoop and revenge.

## Letters From the People

**Downtown Clerks.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I read a letter referring to the frequent idleness of downtown store clerks as compared with clerks in stores further uptown. Many of these downtown salesmen (below Canal street) often have to report for work at 8 o'clock in the morning and are fined for each minute of lateness. They are often on duty until 1.30 or 2 o'clock, with no longer than forty-five minutes for lunch. And I can show you some places that only allow a half hour during the week and twenty minutes on Saturday. Just as they close a customer will enter

and buy a shirt and want to change it in the store, and this takes the clerk's time even if it is after the closing hour. I have been through this game in downtown New York and can show you a lot of cases of this kind, especially among people who leave their places of business around 4 o'clock. If the State Labor Commissioner wants to do a great favor for his fellow men let him look at the hours these salesmen work and the small salary they receive. Also, sometimes subject to discharge on Saturday night without five minutes' notice.  
P. A.  
Washington, D. C.

## "Welcome, Birdie!"

By Robert Minor



## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCordell

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HERE was Michael Angelo Dinkston? A general alarm for the famous literary vagabond, king of the tango and heavyweight champion of the English language, might have been sent out, only generally no one was alarmed.

Neither was Mr. Jarr surprised when he met the elusive Mr. Dinkston, met him as he dropped off the running board of an open car coming up the avenue, following what had evidently been a debate (covering some sixty blocks as the car travelled uptown) over the validity of a transfer which might have been perfectly good except for three reasons: First—It was a transfer issued by a totally different corporation than the one controlling the vehicle Mr. Dinkston had just alighted from.

Second—It was good only on a cross-town line and not a north or south bound one.

Third—It was dated the day before. Possibly it was due to these facts that Mr. Dinkston had maintained his side of the debate with suavity and complete control of his argument at all points. These points consisted of a general history of the beginning and growth of interurban transit facilities, with a bewildering array of data.

When conscience keeps a man awake at night, declares Jerome, the best thing he can do is to behave himself. —Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

A scarcity of matches threatens. The usual result of a crop of summer engagements. —Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

Never question a man's motives. Ask his wife.

All pretty girls are not silly; all plain ones are not wise. —Deseret News.

and statistics concerning the number of passengers carried, the per capita cost of moving the passengers carried, the funded liabilities of the operating corporations, the financing and stock market operations of the interests concerned and the general aspect of municipal ownership compared to private ownership of public facilities.

Mr. Dinkston also touched upon the physical upkeep and operation of the tramways of Europe, particularly citing the tram lines controlled by the London County Council, and the Government supervised tram lines of Germany. He also made some side disquisitions as regards the tipping of train conductors in certain countries—a custom that Mr. Dinkston stated, he could not wholly approve, tending, as it did, to sap the sturdy independence of the employee and inculcate traits of servility rather than civility.

Mr. Dinkston also gave some most interesting information regarding the employment of women as street railway employees in some parts of the world, and dwelt upon Bermuda, where (despite the evident crying need of cheaper methods of intercommunication) neither trolley lines nor motor trams had been permitted.

"In fact," Mr. Dinkston had concluded, "you will doubtless be surprised when I inform you that in the whole island of Bermuda, with a population of nearly thirty thousand and

visitors to the amount of a hundred thousand yearly, no transit facilities, save by horse-drawn vehicles, obtain."

To all these statements the surly trolley conductor only interjected: "Nix! Nix! Can the chatter and come across with a jitney or I'll turn you off! That transfer is as dead as Jack Dempsey!"

But, arriving at his street, Mr. Dinkston again proffered the constantly rejected transfer, which was again peremptorily refused, and then alighted, leaving the disgruntled conductor astounded to speechlessness by the superior rhetoric of the peripatetic poet.

"These trivial triumphs are well enough in their way," remarked Mr. Dinkston as he joined Mr. Jarr on the sidewalk, "but from the economic standpoint they have no great basic value."

"The same grasp of a subject, the same command of data and statistics, the same array of information presented to the dull mind of yonder otherwise worthy member of the working masses might be presented in other directions where the recompense would be far more worth the while."

"As a philosopher I rejoice; as an expert master of economics and a practising efficiency engineer I must make an adverse report to myself. I have wasted a hundred dollars' worth

## Mr. Jarr Hears Thrilling Details of a Five-Cent Highway Robbery

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## Greatest Battles In War-History

By Albert Payson Terhune.

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## No. 3.—BATTLE OF ARBELA—Clash Between East and West.

AN epileptic, red-headed boy decided to conquer the world. He was Alexander, son of King Philip of Macedon. Philip made Macedon the ruling State in Greece. Then he was assassinated, leaving his eighteen-year-old son to carry on his work of conquest. This was in 336 B. C. Four years later Alexander set out on his career of world conquest.

With less than 40,000 troops he invaded the East. Wherever he went he not only won victories, but spread Greek civilization and educational ideas. For example, when he conquered Egypt, he founded the city of Alexandria, which became the foremost seat of learning.

Persia—Greece's ancient foe—was the strongest nation on earth, and was Alexander's chief opponent on the eastward march. There were various battles and skirmishes as Alexander penetrated farther and farther into Persia, and nearer to the Persian capital, Babylon, which was his goal. Soon or late a decisive fight would determine whether East or West—Persian aloft and tyranny or Greek progress and culture—should rule the earth.

And, not far from the town of Arbela, in 331 B. C., this all-important fight was waged. Alexander, advancing over a range of hills, discovered the Persian army drawn up to bar his way. Should he lose the forthcoming battle, not only his expedition, but his army, and his life as well, would be forfeit. For he would be obliged to retreat over a hostile country, thousands of miles in extent, and would inevitably be destroyed.

At nightfall the two forces drew within striking distance. Alexander ordered his army to rest for the night, saying he would not "steal victory" by a night attack. The Persians expected such an attack, and they stood under arms all night in nervous suspense, while the Greeks slept soundly. Thus did Alexander win the first move in the game. At dawn he attacked.

The Persian army was more than twice the size of the Greeks', which numbered (with allies and reinforcements) about 47,000. So large was the Persian host that its centre alone was larger than the entire Greek battle line. In each army the heavy infantry formed the centre and the cavalry the wings. Alexander also had a crescent-shaped reserved line, which could be brought forward in such a way as to turn his whole army into a vast hollow square.

Alexander's centre infantry was known as the "Phalanx." It was composed of heavy-armed men, massed deep, each man armed with a twenty-four-foot pike. In front of the Phalanx was a swarm of light infantry. In front of the Persian centre was a line of scythe-bearing chariots and of armored elephants. Alexander passed this message through his own waiting army:

"You are about to decide, with your swords, the mastery of all Asia!" The battle opened with a cavalry charge. The Persian and Greek cavalry, on the right of the Phalanx, met. The Greeks were outnumbered, but their discipline prevailed. And they drove the Persian cavalry from the field. Next the scythe-chariots and elephants were hurled at the Phalanx. Alexander's light horsemen broke up this assault by killing or frightening nearly all the elephants and chariot horses before they could reach their goal. By threatening one of the enemy's wings Alexander succeeded in detaching a strong body of men from the Persian centre. Then he charged through the gap made by their departure. He quickly routed the centre, then turned to destroy a Persian division that had broken through one of the Greek wings and into his camp.

His attack on the centre had turned the tide of battle. Soon the whole Persian army was in wild flight. The Persian King fled to a supposed place of refuge, where one of his own officers, seeking to win favor with the conquerors, murdered him. The flight of the Persian army left clear the road to Babylon, and made Alexander master of all Persia. Napoleon, more than 2,000 years later, referred to the battle of Arbela as the supreme crisis of Alexander's career.

## Porch Patter —By Alma Woodward—

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Home: The Bay House porch.  
Time: 8.30 P. M.  
Size: With two trunks strapped on, next to the driver, is waiting in front of the house. Suddenly a group of people come out on the porch.

MR. A. (clutching her bunch of golden rods)—Oh, dear! Now that it's time to leave, I feel real homesick.

MR. A. (walking down the steps)—Come on, Carrie. It's going to take those plugs more'n an hour to get to the station.

MRS. A. (slightly tearful)—Men have no sentiment about them. My! I'll be thinking of you all night when I get home. Don't you go and forget me now when you're playing euchre.

CHORUS.—Of course, dearie! Mr. A. (from the path)—Carrie! It's twenty-five of.

MRS. A. (kissing Mrs. B.)—Goodbye, dear. I can't tell you how I've enjoyed being with you this summer!

MRS. B.—Me too. I'll phone the first day I'm back in the city, and you must come down to lunch.

MRS. A. (sighing)—No, you must come up. You'll be so upset with the trunks and everything, you know, and I'll be settled by that time.

MRS. C. (kissing Mrs. A.)—Goodbye, honey. Are you sure you've got my

card safely in your purse? Remember, if I don't hear from you as soon as you get back I'll be terribly offended.

MR. A. (foaming at the mouth)—Carrie! It's twenty minutes of.

MRS. A. (kissing an assorted batch of children)—Goodbye, darlings. Be awful good and when you get home mamma's going to bring you up to my Willie's birthday party.

MR. B. (calling after her)—Say, Carrie, have you got that recipe for chili sauce I wrote out for you? Oh, you have? Well, thank you all right, then. Goodbye, dear.

MRS. A. (waving from the stage)—Goodbye, everybody! Had a lovely summer! See you all soon, in the city! Goodbye!

CHORUS: Goodbye, dearie. (The steps thump down the road and is lost in a cloud of dust. The Persians utter a simultaneous sigh and sit down.)

MRS. B. (placidly)—Well, she's gone.

MRS. C.—Yeh. That's the way it is at the end of the summer. Well, I don't suppose we'll ever see her again.

MRS. B. (matter-of-factly)—Oh, no, you never do. You'll be so upset with the trunks and everything, you know, and I'll be settled by that time.

MRS. C. (yawning widely)—Yeh. So've I.

MRS. A. (yawning widely)—Yeh. So've I.

MRS. B. (yawning widely)—Yeh. So've I.

MRS. C. (yawning widely)—Yeh. So've I.

MRS. A. (yawning widely)—Yeh. So've I.

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